

## **It's Just Biology by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Garrus is still trying to figure out how humans... work. And the vids Joker sent him are wholly unhelpful.

At least Shepard seems to know just as much about turians as Garrus knows about humans.

## It's Just Biology

### Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

Friend was sick, wrote friend shippy trash. Let's hope fluff is the cure for the common cold.

GET WELL SOON U NERD.

Garrus was many things—an excellent shot, for one. A fast learner, for another. He was a battle-hardened soldier, dangerous even without his guns, a one-turian weapon. And, considering he stood at the side of one of the universe's most ferocious and legendary soldiers, the famed Commander Shepard, there were a half-dozen incredible, heroic things he could have been doing at any given moment.

At this moment, though, he was watching porn.

Human porn, so it wasn't doing much for him. He examined it the way he would an unfamiliar weapon, trying to understand how all the pieces worked together. Guns were easier to understand than this mess, though. Perhaps it would've been less...weird, if there wasn't some weird space pirate theme to the whole thing. Porn wasn't supposed to have such complicated narratives, *especially* if they were going to be this badly told.

The woman in the vid was moaning so loudly, Garrus was glad he had his earpiece in. Even with the volume cranked way, way down, she still sounded unnaturally... what was a good word for it? Ah, yes. *Shrill*.

“All humans can't be like this, right?” he mumbled to himself.

He'd told Shepard he was going to do research. He was starting to realize that perhaps “research” shouldn't have involved asking Joker. This was all beginning to look like some elaborate prank, because really, humans couldn't *seriously* get off to this, could they?

The blonde woman was thrown back on a bed, and whatever they were doing (it must have been fucking, but that position was—well, he supposed, if you didn't have spurs, it would work) was making her chest go *everywhere*. It just looked unstable, Garrus thought, and this confused him even more than the part where the man stuffed his face into her breasts. Garrus had never felt any desire to go anywhere near those things.

Except maybe Shepard's. Hers were nice, especially when she was in uniform. Gave her silhouette this taper that was completely not-turian-shaped, but, well, damn. She looked good. Not at all like this girl, who was still moaning in pleasure that *had* to be exaggerated. Right?

Spirits, if Shepard sounded like that when she got nailed, Garrus might not be able to follow through on all this. He liked her, and all, *really* liked her, but.

That was a bit much, even for him.

It'd probably sound nicer in Shepard's voice, though, he decided. She had a nice voice, all deep and sharp in all the right places.

He wondered what Shepard was doing. Probably not watching porn, unless, maybe, that was her thing. Maybe she'd found turian porn somewhere—shit, he hoped she hadn't. Human porn was pretty bad, but turians weren't exactly masters of the erotic industry. It was probably all the pointy bits. Limited the positioning by some degree.

At the very least, he knew he knew for damn sure he couldn't do whatever the couple in the vid were doing. Flexibility was one thing, this was contortionism.

Was this what Shepard wanted? Ugh, he hoped not. He rumbled his displeasure aloud, mandibles flicking downward. There were so many limits with this whole inter-species thing—he couldn't stick his fingers in her like that. Talons didn't seem like they belonged in those places on humans (or any places on humans, for that matter). And he couldn't do the, uh, *oral* thing because of some reason he couldn't totally explain, but had listened to Mordin ramble about for a good five minutes, fully aware the

Mordin also probably knew exactly what an embarrassed turian looked like. Something involving anaphylaxis. Which was not sexy.

They could actually do the deed, though. Some intelligent being who had apparently figured out this inter-species sex business far before him had invented condoms to be specifically used by turian-human couples. They were ludicrously expensive, but that was simply the price one must pay to pound one's commander into the only decent-sized mattress on the Normandy.

The vid was still going, and Garrus glanced down at it, wondering whether humans were actually supposed to get that pink. He supposed if their blood was red, this must have been the natural consequence, but *still*.

He switched off the porn. It wasn't helping.

Normally, when he was this frustrated by something, he'd just grab Shepard and they'd talk, or go out and shoot things, and he'd feel better. He couldn't exactly talk to Shepard about not understanding even the very basics of what she wanted in bed.

Okay, maybe he understood the basics.

Past that, though, he was lost. And he didn't want to ruin his still tentative relationship with Shepard (and bad sex could be very difficult to get past!) over some porno that Joker sent him.

He wanted this with Shepard, though. He wanted *her*.

Wanted her so much, apparently, that he was able to summon her by just thinking about it, because she wandered into the empty lounge and made him feel very glad that he'd switched off the vid before she arrived. If anyone else caught him watching porn, he could laugh it off—Shepard would know why he was doing it.

"Commander," he said, as smoothly as he could manage.

“Hey, Garrus,” she replied, taking a seat at the table opposite him, kicking her boots up on the table’s translucent surface. “How’s it going?”

Well. She didn’t seem to think their conversation about inter-species awkwardness was a means to act like a stuttering weirdo, so he wasn’t going to either. “Fine,” he said. “Just thinking.”

“Oh?” She raised one eyebrow. It was a human expression he’d gotten used to, and he liked it particularly on her. “What about?”

He dropped one hand to her booted ankle. “Sex, mostly.”

“Didn’t realize I was interrupting something,” she said, her gaze dropping (completely unsubtly) to his crotch for a few seconds.

He laughed. “Not in that much detail,” he said. “I just got the weirdest run-down from Mordin about chemical compatibilities.”

“Aww, he gave you ‘the talk’ too?”

So Mordin had gotten to Shepard with the sex talk. Damn. “The one where he used the word ‘secretion’ a lot? Yeah.”

“Ugh, I think he nixed that part for our conversation. Thank god.”

“Lucky girl,” he said, thumb rubbing the place where he knew her ankle was.

She gave him a look. A, “Garrus Vakarian, I am about to jump your ass from across this table,” kind of look.

That was about when he got a lapful of his commander, legs around his thighs, mouth pressed to his. Right, kissing, that was a thing. He couldn’t exactly do it back, but he reached for her waist—slim, firm, he could feel her muscles beneath the thin tank top she was wearing—mandibles fluttering the tiniest bit when one of her hands stroked down his neck. Did she know how sensitive he was there?

“So. Sex,” she said, an absolutely wicked grin on her face. He mirrored it, well as much as he could mirror it.

“So,” he echoed, “sex.”

“I have a perfectly good cabin,” Shepard said, but he dipped his head to press his face into her neck, breathing in and filling his lungs with her alien scent.

“You’re the one who jumped me in the lounge.” The way she kissed his neck meant his counter-argument had been accepted, and he mentally cheered. He held the back of her head with one hand. He liked the texture of her hair, fuzzy and cropped short, the way he’d mostly seen men wear it, but it suited her, made the sharp angles of her face stand out. She’d be such an attractive Turian. She *was* an attractive human.

Her chest pressed against his, breath soft and ticklish on his neck. It was a soft pressure, probably because of the whole, uh, breast thing. He touched one of them, pressing the pads of his fingers in so he didn’t poke her with the talons. “I didn’t know what I’d think about these,” he said.

“What’s the verdict?” Shepard asked, her fingers feeling over his chest like she was trying to learn him. Like the way he held a new gun. It made him squeeze her waist tighter.

“I like them,” he said, wondering if she could feel his neck heat up. Her cheek was against it, she must have been able to.

“Good. Bought ‘em myself,” she said, leaning up on her knees to kiss him on the lips again. Her hands were going down lower, from his chest to his stomach, and she wasn’t stopping. Holy shit, already? He thought they’d at least fool around some more, maybe try some more kissing, after all, his plates were still shut and they were *still in the middle of the lounge*. He couldn’t tell her to stop, though. He didn’t want her to.

She paused, almost froze, when her fingers undid his fly.

“Garrus,” she said, looking at him, and, was she confused? She looked a bit confused.

“Shepard,” he said back.

“Where the hell is your dick?”